with a billy? What about the concealed weapons that was found on him? What about him goin' crazy in a cell and havin' to be tied up because he made a murderous assault on the man who took him his food? What about all them things—eh?"

"That's your defense, is it?"

"Against the word of a lunatic crook who died dotty—yep. I guess our defense'll do!"

"This is the law, Mrs. Madden," I said. "After killing your husband, they're going to try to make you give up what he died to keep."

Grattan's face lighted up.

"Oh, so!" he said. "Oh, so! She knows, then! You've told her. I thought so! Come along with me."

Gripping Mrs. Madden, he jerked her across the room and put his hand on the knob, turning it. The failure of the door to open caused him to release her and to take both hands for the job.

"This door's locked," he said, running across the room and thrusting his inflamed face close to mine. "It's locked. You're obstructin' the law. Open it or I'll have O'Grady break it down and—"

"O'Grady wouldn't lay a hand on me," I said; "I'm his priest."

"Well, *I* will!" he almost screamed. "You've told this woman where that dust is, and I'm goin' to have it out of her. I might not be able to do anythin' to you, you sneakin' humbug, but I've got the law on her. You made a false move when you handed her that stuff, and you won't have it split with you now, either. You've robbed yourself out of ten thousand dollars, and if you don't open that door you'll job yourself into jail."

"I may as well tell you, Captain Grattan," I said, still calm, "that you're not going to take Mrs. Madden to jail. I saw what you did to her husband. You sha'n't do it to a woman. I'm here to prevent it. Now call O'Grady. He may smash down the door for you, but as long as Mrs. Madden holds on to my gown she's safe from him. You can't touch her."

AND then what I was hoping for came to pass. He reached into his pocket and threatened me with a revolver.

"I guess this is better than a hundred O'Gradys," he said, leering at me. "Mrs. Madden—go to that door! As for you,—you sneak!—come across with that key. Quick!"

"Listen!" I said to him. "You were right when you said I made a false move in telling Mrs. Madden. You're right. It *was* a false move. But I'm going to rectify it. Find the key if you can. Search me if you like. Search the room. But I won't give it to you. I made Madden a promise. Either the dust stayed where it was, or his wife and children got it. I know where it is. She knows where it is. But you'll take neither of us to jail. Now, find your key!"

I threw up both hands and advanced on him. He came forward with the revolver leveled, and began to search my pockets. There was a key in one of them, a church key, as I well knew. I waited until his fingers closed on it and his eye no longer glanced down the barrel of his revolver. Then I caught the steel barrel with both hands and jerked it from him.

Of the fight that followed I remember little or nothing. I was a child in his hands, and he bore his heavy weight down upon me. As I fell I threw the revolver across the room. Then I felt him spring up, relieving my suffocation; but almost immediately there was a shot, and he was upon me again. I struggled with him, as I had struggled before; but this time I was the easy victor, throwing him off and tumbling him on his back. And when I looked down at his face, I saw it was that of a dead man.

I raised my eyes. Across the room stood Mrs. Madden, staring wide-eyed. As our eyes met, the revolver dropped to the floor. Outside I heard O'Grady yelling and pounding on the door.

And then I did that which earned me the disfavor of Rome. I sprang across, seized the revolver, and placed it in the dead man's right hand, closing the stiffening fingers over the butt. And, going to the window, I unbarred the shutters and called to O'Grady, who came at my call.

"The Captain's dead," I said, pointing. "He locked the door, and tried to bully Mrs. Madden into telling him something she did not know. When he laid hands on her, I attempted to prevent him. He drew a revolver, and I tried to take it away from him. It went off—you see it in his own hand."

WHILE O'Grady stared, open-mouthed, through the window, I crossed to the body, rolled it over on one side, and drew from the pocket in which I had placed it the key to my door.

"You see," I said, holding it up before him.

And, as I turned the key in the lock and O'Grady entered, I smiled at him.

"And now, Michael," I said, "suppose you take Mrs. Madden and see her to the train. She's a little upset by what's happened and she's got to get to Gosport to-night."

Keepers of the Fire

By KATHERINE GLOVER

WHAT is this war on the other side of the world doing to women? How will it leave them when the guns have ceased firing and men go back to their hearthsides—or do not go back?

These are questions for the moment drowned by the roar of the guns, pushed to the background by the sharp, urgent demands of the men in the trenches and the wounded in the hospitals. But they are questions that will have to be answered at the end of the war.

If you should go suddenly into any one of the belligerent countries knowing nothing of the struggle, the faces of the refugee women would soon tell you that you had come in an hour of tragedy.

The word "refugee" takes on its full value when one looks into the haunted eyes of women who potter at make-believe home-making jobs in lonely, herded places in Paris or the concentration camps in Holland; or when one listens to the story of Jeanne, a refugee from Arras.

I found Jeanne standing in the hallway of my sub-let apartment in Paris when I answered the ring of the bell one morning. She was hatless and breathless, and she looked at me with the patient, hurt eyes of an animal. She held out a little yellow card that said, "Jeanne Bonnefoy, refugee from Arras to the region of Haute-Loire."

Some one had told her I needed a *femme de ménage*. Would she do?

I was ashamed to have any one so eager for the scrap of work I had at command. Of course she would do. She tied on her apron and set to work. And when I left Paris hers was the last face I saw, with a look on it that I shall hope to recall if ever life should lose its savor.

It was little by little, through the two months she stayed with me, that I learned Jeanne's story. She would much rather talk to me of her cherished garden; of her wonderful four-poster bed, now a charred mass of ruins; or of the new blouse she had bought for her little boy, Gilbert, with the first few francs she had earned.

The Story of Jeanne Bonnefoy

WAR had come to her like a cloudburst, first in the vision of those gray-green columns sweeping toward Paris, and then in their return, when they intrenched themselves just beyond her lovely old city and set off their thundering guns. The shells from those guns gradually crept up to Jeanne's very doorstep. She and her three children lived on in the little house that sheltered the memories of her fifteen years of married life, most of the time hiding themselves in the cellar, her man coming home now and then from guard duty on the railway.

They walked in the street, to see neighbors fall at their feet, struck down by a bursting shell that only by chance chose its prey. In her simple peasant fashion, Jeanne tended wounded soldiers fresh from the firing-line; she even dug graves for the dead and buried them beneath the cabbages of her little garden.

Fate's Last Card

AT last it became no longer possible to live even in the cellar, and they had to set out as "refugees." But war was not through with them. Their boat, filled with fugitives, was torpedoed; and when at last they found themselves in the friendly shelter of a little village in the south of France, homeless, but out of earshot of the tormenting guns, there came word of an accident to Jeanne's husband, necessitating the amputation of an arm. With her little tribe, Jeanne journeyed to Paris to find him in a hospital to which he had been sent. It was the day after reaching Paris that she stood knocking at my door.

One morning I found her sobbing in the kitchen. The postman had brought a letter—it was a letter she had written to her father. Across the back was penciled, "Killed, July 15."

Fate had played the last card she had up her sleeve for Jeanne.

That day she wept as she finished her morning's work, but she put the same tireless energy into the scrubbing of my little kitchen, and took up her life with a valiant, unbroken spirit. "*C'est la guerre*," she said. Those words were on the lips and in the hearts of all the women of France.

It is stories like that of Jeanne, multiplied a hundredfold, that make up the broken drama of the great war.

One day I visited a hospital on the Champs Élysées. A nurse took me down a long hallway, turned a door-knob, and quietly beckoned me into a room flooded with the afternoon sun. On the bed lay the figure of a man, his face against the white pillow, still with the stillness of eternity, as if carved of marble; marked with the cruel scars of innumerable shells, the lids closed over eyes that were gone.

I stumbled out of the room blindly. For nights I lay wide-eyed, seeing before me that face, the story of that marble soldier repeating itself in my brain.

He was Alsatian, an Alsatian forced to fight against the country he loved. One day a shell exploded in the trench at his feet. He was left on the field for dead. The French picked him up later, with one arm gone, one leg torn away, and his eyes blinded forever.

He was brought from the field hospital to Paris, and placed amid the forsaken luxury of a Champs Élysées hotel, surrounded with tapestried walls and gilded ceilings.

There he lies through the days and nights, as he will lie through all the days and nights of his life, helpless. But the spirit within that body is not through giving yet. There is one thing that he can still do for France. He can hush his lips so that no word of the offending language of the invaders shall reach the ears of his nurses and doctors. French was forbidden in his school-boy days. He has no other than the language of their enemy. So, of his own will, he adds silence to his other hampering wounds.

After the first shock I was not sorry I had followed the nurse into that room; for, with all its mutilations, the face of that Alsatian was beautiful—beautiful and terrible. He became to me war visualized, reflecting all its barbarity, its mutilating power, its ruthless right to take men against their will as targets for the guns of the country they love, yet rousing in their souls in some mysterious way a courage, a spiritual flame, that belongs to the gods. That was war as I saw it in Europe.

Back of the Firing-Line

AT any railway station in any one of the fighting countries, when a train goes back to the front, you can read the first-hand vision of war back of the firing-line, where war is fought as surely as it is in the trenches. I stumbled upon it unexpectedly one midday at the Gare de l'Est in Paris. It was as unforgetable as the face of that blind Alsatian.

Eight hundred soldiers were going back to the front after their six or eight days' leave—the first glimpse their women and children had had of them for a year. The love, the sorrow, the terror, the courage of that crowd beat upon one in a wave of emotion.

In the foyer, along the aisles, on the quais, everywhere the crowds were thick, blue-coated soldiers with their knapsacks strapped to their backs, their rolled blankets, and their odd good-by war parcels. The coats of the soldiers, faded with the suns of more than a year, were shabby with service. Their faces were tanned, and even young faces were furrowed and lined. Clinging, hovering about them, were their women, their children, and their old fathers and mothers. There was a strange sameness in the groups into which the crowd separated.

Scenes in a Railway Station

EVERYWHERE the air threw back the same words: "*Au revoir*"; "*À bientôt*"; "*Bon courage*"; "*Bonne santé.*" A symphony of war could be written around the tones of the repetition of those words. But no Beethoven or Wagner could crowd into them the tragic sadness, the uplifted courage, of the voices of those women who pressed close to the edge of the gate and watched their soldiers file back to the grim hazard of the trenches.

How that shabby, tired little woman and her bearded soldier cling to each other! It is as if, at the last, it is not possible to part. He stoops to his little girl for a long embrace, and as he bends the woman leans and kisses the back of his rough, tanned neck. She straightens, tearless. "*Au revoir*"—and he is gone.

Another soldier stands in the midst of three women, their faces swollen with weeping. He is making a bold effort at gaiety. "Why should you be so sad?" he says. "In two months it will all be over and I shall be back at home." But the women do not smile. Doubtless they heard those same words a year ago.

Off in the farthest corner is a young soldier and his sweetheart. The girl's face is white and drawn with terror. He lifts her two hands to his lips like flowers, tenderly, cherishingly, and kisses them one after the other. "*Bon courage, ma chèrie,*" I hear him say; and then, as he breaks away from the last embrace, "*À bientôt.*"

She looks into his face as if she were looking into eternity, and then flutters to him a brave echo, "*À bientôt.*"

Those women, some of them with faces carved of stone, some of them blind with weeping, some of them shrugging before this last ordeal, turned their tired, drooping backs and went on their way to